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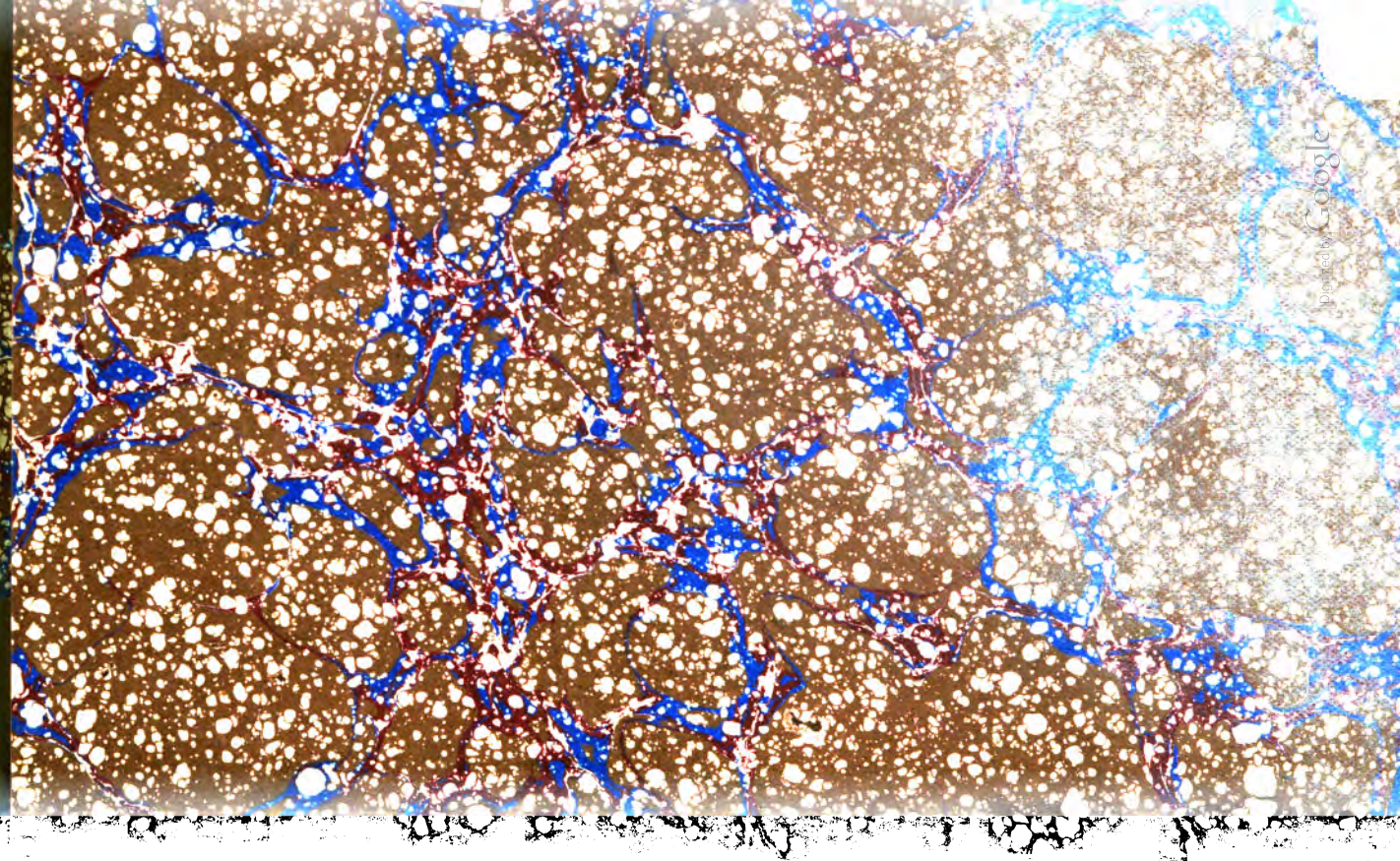
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INEDITED REMAINS IN VERSE AND PROSE OF IZAAK WALTON

AUTHOR OF THE COMPLETE ANGLER

WITH NOTES AND PREFACE

BY

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD

LONDON
PICKERING AND CO.
196 PICCADILLY
1878

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PREFACE.

FEW men who have written books have been able to win ſo large a ſhare of the perſonal affection of their readers as honeſt Izaak Walton has done, and few books are laid down with ſo genuine a feeling of regret as the "Complete Angler" certainly is, that they are no longer. "One of the gentleſt and tendereſt ſpirits of the ſeventeenth century," we all know his dear old face, with its cheerful, happy, ſerene look, and we ſhould all have liked to accompany him on one of thoſe angling excurſions from Tottenham High Croſs, and to have liſtened to the quaint, garrulous, ſportive talk, the outcome of a religion which was like his homely garb, not too good for every-day wear. We ſee him, now diligent in his buſineſs, now commemorating the virtues of that cluſter of ſcholars and

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churchmen with whoſe friendſhip he was favoured in youth, and teaching his young brother-in-law, Thomas Ken, to walk in their ſaintly footſteps, —now buſy with his rod and line, or walking and talking with a friend, ſtaying now and then to quaff an honeſt glaſs at a wayſide ale-houſe—leading a ſimple, cheerful, blameleſs life

"Thro' near a century of pleaſant years." *

* "Happy old man, whoſe worth all mankind knows
Except himſelf, who charitably ſhows
The ready road to Virtue, and to Praiſe,
The road to many long, and happy days;
The noble arts of generous piety,
And how to compaſs true felicity.
—— he knows no anxious cares,
Thro' near a Century of pleaſant years;
Eaſy he lives and cheerful ſhall he die,
Well ſpoken of by late poſterity."
June 5, 1683.
(*Flatman's Commendatory Verſes prefixed to "Thealma and Clearchus;" Poems and Songs by Thomas Flatman, Third Edition.*)

We

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PREFACE.

We have ſaid that the reader regrets that Walton ſhould have left ſo little behind him: his "Angler" and his Lives are all that is known to moſt. But we are now enabled to preſent thoſe who love his memory with a collection of fugitive pieces, in verſe and proſe, extending in date of compoſition over a period of fifty years,—beginning with the Elegy on Donne, in 1633, and terminating only with his death in 1683. All theſe, however unambitious, are more or leſs characteriſtic of the man, and impregnated with the ſame ſpirit of genial piety that diſtinguiſhes the two well-known books to which they form a ſupplement.

Walton's devotion to literature muſt have begun at an early age; for in a little poem, entitled *The Love of Amos and Laura*, publiſhed in 1619, when he was only twenty-ſix, and attributed variouſly to Samuel Purchas, author of "The Pilgrims," and to Samuel Page, we find the following dedication to him:—

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PREFACE.

"To my approved
and much respec-
ted friend, Iz. Wa.

"To thee, thou more then thrice beloved friend,
I too unworthy of ſo great a bliſſe:
Theſe harſh-tun'd lines I here to thee commend,
Thou being cauſe it is now as it is:
For hadſt thou held thy tongue, by ſilence might
Theſe have beene buried in obliuious night.

"If they were pleaſing, I would call them thine,
And diſauow my title to the verſe:
But being bad, I needes muſt call them mine.
No ill thing can be cloathed in thy verſe.
Accept them then, and where I have offended,
Raſe thou it out, and let it be amended.

"S. P."*

What poems Walton wrote in his youth, we have now no means of knowing; it has not been

* *The Love of Amos and Laura. Written by S. P. London Printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery-Lane, neere Serieants Inne*, 1619. Printed at the end of a volume entitled, *Alcilia, Philoparthens louing Folly*, &c., which, from its being

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discovered that any have been printed, unless we adopt the theory advocated by Mr. Singer,* and by a writer in the "Retrospective Review," † that the poem of *Thealma and Clearchus*, which he published in the last year of his life, as a posthumous fragment of his relation John Chalkhill, was really a juvenile work of his own. Some plausibility is lent to this notion by the fact that Walton speaks of the author with so much reticence and reserve in his preface to the volume,

signed at the end with the initials "J. C.," has been attributed to Walton's friend, John Chalkhill, whose posthumous poem, *Thealma and Clearchus*, he published in the last year of his life. The lines to Walton do not appear in the earlier quarto edition of the book issued by the same publisher in 1613, or in the later quarto of 1628.

* *Thealma and Clearchus: a Pastoral Romance, by John Chalkhill. First Published by Isaac Walton*, 1683. *A New Edition. Revised and Corrected (by S. W. Singer). Chiswick:* 1820.

† Vol. iv. (1821), pp. 230-249.

and

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and alſo that in introducing two of Chalkhill's ſongs into the "Complete Angler," he does not beſtow on them the cuſtomary words of commendation. This theory has been rebutted by others, who aſſert that Walton was of too truthful and guileleſs a nature to reſort to ſuch an artifice. We confeſs that we are unable to ſee anything diſhoneſt in the adoption, as a pſeudonym, of the name of a deceaſed friend, or anything more than Walton appears to have done on another occaſion when he publiſhed his two letters on "Love and Truth." It is certain, however, that a family of Chalkhills exiſted, with whom Walton was cloſely connected by his marriage with the ſiſter of Biſhop Ken. But that an "acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spenſer," capable of writing ſuch a poem as *Thealma and Clearchus*, ſhould have kept his talents ſo concealed, that in an age of commendatory verſes no ſlighteſt contemporary record of him exiſts—is, to ſay the leaſt, extraordinary.

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extraordinary. There are cogent arguments then on both ſides of the queſtion, and there is very little poſitive proof on either: ſo we muſt be content to leave the matter in ſome doubt and obſcurity.

The firſt production to which our author attached the well-known ſignature of "Iz. Wa." was an Elegy on the Death of Dr. Donne, the Dean of St. Paul's, prefixed to a collection of Donne's Poems. Walton was then forty years of age. From this time forward we find him more or leſs engaged, at not very long intervals, on literary labours, till the very year of his death.

The care which Walton ſpent on his productions ſeems to have been very great. He wrote and re-wrote, corrected, amended, reſcinded, and added. This very poem—the Elegy on Donne—he completely remodelled in his old age, when he inſerted it in the collection of his Lives. But

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But we have thought it well to give the original verſion here as a literary curioſity, and the firſt work of his that has come down to us. The original Lives themſelves — eſpecially thoſe of Wotton and Donne—were mere sketches of what they are in their preſent enlarged form.

Walton had the good fortune to be thrown very early in life into the ſociety and intimacy of men who were his ſuperiors in rank and education. But he had enough of culture, joined to his inherent reverence of mind, to appreciate and underſtand all that they had and he wanted.

The preface to Sir John Skeffington's *Heroe of Lorenzo* had for two centuries lain forgotten, and eſcaped the notice of Walton's biographers, till in 1852 it was diſcovered by Dr. Bliſs of Oxford, and communicated by him to the late William Pickering.

The original Spaniſh work was firſt publiſhed in 1630. The author's real name was not Lorenzo,

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Lorenzo, but Balthazar Gracian, a Jeſuit of Aragon, who flouriſhed during the firſt half of the ſeventeenth century, when the cultivated ſtyle took poſſeſſion of Spaniſh proſe, and roſe to its greateſt conſideration.* It is a collection of ſhort, wiſe apothegms and maxims for the conduct of life, ſometimes illuſtrated by ſtories of valour, or proweſs, or magnanimity, of the old Caſtilian heroes who figure in "Count Lucanor." The book, though now no longer read, muſt have been very popular at one time, for there exiſt two or three later Engliſh verſions of it, without, however, the nervous concentration of ſtyle and idiomatic diction that characterize the tranſlation ſent forth to the world under Walton's auſpices.

The two Letters publiſhed in 1680 under the

* Ticknor's *Hiſtory of Spaniſh Literature* (Lond. 1849), vol. iii. p. 177.

title

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title of Love and Truth,* were written reſpectively in the years 1668 and 1679. The evidence of their authorſhip is twofold, and we think quite concluſive. In one of the very few copies known to exiſt, and now in the library of Emanuel College, Cambridge, its original poſſeſſor, Archbiſhop Sancroft, has written :—"Is. Walton's 2 letters conc. ye Diſtempr. of ye Times, 1680," and Dr. Zouch appended to his reprint of the

* *Love and Truth: / in/ Two modeſt and peaceable/ Letters/ concerning/ The diſtempers of the preſent Times./ Written/ From a quiet and Conformable Citizen of/* London, *to two buſie and Factious/ Shop-keepers in Coventry./*

1 Pet. 4. 15.

But let none of you ſuffer as a buſiebody in other mens/ matters./

London,/ Printed by *M. C.* for *Henry Brome* at the Gun/ in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1680.

Collation : 4to. pp. iv. (with Title) 40 (Sig. A 1 and 2 ; B to E 4).

tract

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tract * a number of parallel paſſages from other acknowledged writings of Walton, of themſelves almoſt ſufficient to fix the queſtion on internal evidence alone.

In the Britiſh Muſeum copy of this tract is the following note on one of the fly-leaves in the autograph of the late William Pickering :—

"The preſent is the only copy I have met with after twenty years' ſearch, excepting the one in Emanuel College, Cambridge. W. Pickering."

The copy deſcribed above [*i.e.*, the Emanuel College copy] appears to be the ſame edition as the preſent [that now in the Britiſh Muſeum], but has the following variation. After the title-page is printed

The Author to the Stationer

"Mr. Brome," &c., and the Epiſtle ends with

* York, 1795, pp. x. 70.

"Your

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"Your friend," without the N. N. which is found in this copy. But what is more remarkable, the printed word Author is run through, and corrected with a pen, and over it written *Publiſher*, which is evidently in the handwriting of Walton. So Mr. Pickering further certifies.

The following alluſion towards the bottom of p. 37 confirms the idea of Walton's authorſhip. Speaking of Hugh Peters and John Lilbourn, the writer ſays:—"Their turbulent lives and uncomfortable deaths are not I hope yet worn out of the memory of many. He that compares them with the holy life and happy death of Mr. George Herbert, as it is plainly and *I hope truly* writ by Mr. Iſaac Walton, may in it find a perfect pattern for an humble and devout Chriſtian to imitate," &c.

The following are the chief parallel paſſages in this pamphlet and in Walton's other writings, as indicated by Zouch:—

Second

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PREFACE.

Second Letter, p. 19.

I wiſh as heartily as you do that all ſuch Clergy-mens Wives as have ſilk Cloaths be-daubed with Lace, and their heads hanged about with painted Ribands, were enjoyned Penance for their pride: And their Huſbands puniſht for being ſo tame, or ſo lovingly-ſimple, as to ſuffer them; for, by ſuch Cloaths, they proclaim their own Ambition, and their Huſbands folly.

And I ſay the like, concerning their *ſtriving for Precedency*.

Life of George Herbert.

Mr. George Herbert having changed his ſword and ſilk clothes into a canonical coat, thus warned Mrs. Herbert againſt this egregious folly of *ſtriving for precedency*:— "You are now a miniſter's wife, and muſt now ſo far forget your father's houſe, as not to claim a precedence of any of your pariſhioners," &c.

P. 20.

And, I confeſs alſo, what you ſay of a Clergy-mans bidding *to faſt* on the Eves of Holy-days, in Lent, and the *Ember Weeks:* And I wiſh thoſe biddings were forborn, or better practiſed by themſelves.

Life of George Herbert.

One cure for the wickedneſs of the times would be, for the clergy themſelves to keep the Ember-weeks ſtrictly, &c.

P. 20.

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PREFACE.

P. 20.

And, I wiſh as heartily as you can, that they would not only read, but pray, the Common Prayer; and not huddle it up ſo faſt (as too many do) by getting into a middle of a ſecond Collect, before a devout Hearer can ſay Amen to the firſt.

Life of George Herbert.

Thoſe miniſters that huddled up the church prayers without a viſible reverence and affection: namely, ſuch as ſeemed to ſay the Lord's Prayer or a collect in a breath.

P. 20.

And now, having unbowelled my very ſoul thus freely to you, *&c.*

Preface to Sanderſon's XXI Sermons, 1655.

But ſince I had thus adventured to unbowel myſelf, and to lay open the very inmoſt thoughts of my heart.

P. 21.

A Corroſive, or (as *Solomon* ſays of ill-gotten riches) *like gravel in his teeth.*

Life of Sanderſon.

Riches ſo gotten, and added to his great eſtate, would prove *like gravel in his teeth.*

P. 21.

Thoſe *Biſhops* and *Martyrs*

Life of Sir H. Wotton.

It was the advice of Sir

that

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that assisted in this Reformation, did not (as Sir *Henry Wotton* said wisely) think *the farther* they went from the Church of Rome, the nearer they got to heaven.

Henry Wotton, "Take heed of thinking the farther you go from the Church of Rome, the nearer you are to God."

P. 23.

To make the Women, the Shop-keepers, and the middle-witted People . . . less busie, and more humble and lowly in their own eyes, and to think that they are neither called, nor are fit to meddle with, and judge of the most hidden and mysterious points in *Divinity*, and Government of the *Church* and *State*.

Life of Richard Hooker.

Here the very women and shopkeepers were able to judge of predestination, and determine what laws were fit to be obeyed or abolished.

P. 36.

I desire you to look back with me to the beginning of the late Long Parliament 1640, at which time we were the quietest and happiest people in the Christian World.

Life of Sanderson.

Some years before the unhappy Long Parliament, this nation being then happy and in peace.

To

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PREFACE.

To the preſent Editor the collection and annotation of theſe Remains has been a moſt welcome labour of love. Some of his oldeſt and moſt cheriſhed memories connect themſelves with the author of the "Complete Angler." That book was one of the firſt that he ever read with real and genuine delight; and even before reading days commenced, in the earlieſt dawn of memory, the place where Walton had cut his familiar ſignature of "Iz. Wa." on Chaucer's tomb in Weſtminſter Abbey, was pointed out to him often by a kindred ſpirit now here no more. The name of Walton will alſo be found enſhrined in the earlieſt proſe production * to which the Editor prefixed his own name.

R. H. S.

* *The School of Pantagruel*, Sunbury, 1862, p. 9.

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AN ELEGIE UPON Dr. DONNE.

1633.

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[*Juvenilia: or Certaine Paradoxes and Problemes, written by I. Donne. London, Printed by E. P. for Henry Seyle, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the Tygers head, in Saint Pauls Church-yard, Anno Dom.* 1633 (pp. 382-384).

Poems, by J. D. with Elegies on the Author's Death. London Printed by M. F. for John Marriot, *and are to be ſold at his Shop in S^t^. Dunſtans Church-yard in Fleet-ſtreet,* 1635.

The text is printed from the reviſed verſion of 1635, and the original readings of 1633 are given at the foot of the page.]

An

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An Elegie upon D^R. DONNE.

OUR *Donne* is dead; England ſhould
mourne, may ſay
We had a man where language choſe
to ſtay
And ſhew her gracefull power.[1] I would not praiſe
That and his vaſt wit (which in theſe vaine dayes
Make many proud) but, as they ſerv'd to unlock
That Cabinet, his minde: where ſuch a ſtock
Of knowledge was repoſ'd, as all lament
(Or ſhould) this generall cauſe of diſcontent.
And I rejoyce I am not ſo ſevere,
But (as I write a line) to weepe a teare

[1] In the edition of 1633, the poem opens thus :—
Is *Donne*, great *Donne* deceaſ'd? then England ſay
Thou'haſt loſt a man where language choſe to ſtay
And ſhew it's gracefull power, &c.

For

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For his deceaſe; Such ſad extremities
May make ſuch men as I write Elegies.
And wonder not; for, when a generall loſſe
Falls on a nation, and they ſlight the croſſe,
God hath raiſ'd Prophets to awaken them
From ſtupifaction; witneſſe my milde pen,
Not uſ'd to upbraid the world, though now it muſt
Freely and boldly, for, the cauſe is juſt.
Dull age, Oh I would ſpare thee, but th'art worſe,
Thou art not onely dull, but haſt a curſe
Of black ingratitude; if not, couldſt thou
Part with *miraculous Donne*, and make no vow
For thee, and thine, ſucceſſively to pay
A ſad remembrance to his dying day?
Did his youth ſcatter *Poetry*, wherein
Was all Philoſophy? was every ſinne,
Character'd in his *Satyrs?* Made ſo foule
That ſome have fear'd their ſhapes, and kept their
ſoule
Safer by reading verſe? Did he give *dayes*

Paſt

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Paſt marble monuments, to thoſe, whoſe praiſe
He would perpetuate? Did he (I feare
The dull will doubt:) theſe at his twentieth year?
But, more matur'd; Did his full ſoule conceive,
And in harmonious-holy-numbers weave
A *Crown of ſacred ſonnets, fit to adorne *La Corona.
A dying Martyrs brow: or, to be worne
On that bleſt head of *Mary Magdalen*,
After ſhe wip'd Chriſts feet, but not till then?
Did hee (fit for ſuch penitents as ſhee
And he to uſe) leave us a *Litany*,
Which all devout men love, and ſure, it ſhall,
As times grow better, grow more claſſicall?
Did he write *Hymnes*, for piety, for wit,[1]
Equall to thoſe, great grave *Prudentius* writ?
Spake he all *Languages?* knew he all Lawes?
The grounds and uſe of *Phyſick;* but becauſe
'Twas mercenary, wav'd it? Went to ſee

[1] for piety and wit,—1633.

That

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That bleſſed place of *Chriſts nativity?*
Did he returne and preach him? preach him ſo
As ſince S. *Paul* none did, none could? Thoſe know,
(Such as were bleſt to heare him) this is truth.[1]
Did he confirm thy aged?[2] convert thy youth?
Did he theſe wonders? And is this deare loſſe
Mourn'd by ſo few? (few for ſo great a croſſe.)
But ſure the ſilent are ambitious all
To be Cloſe Mourners at his Funerall;
If not; In common pitty they forbare
By repetitions to renew our care;
Or, knowing, griefe conceiv'd, conceal'd, conſumes
Man irreparably, (as poyſon'd fumes
Doe waſte the braine) make ſilence a ſafe way,
To' inlarge the Soule from theſe walls, mud and clay,
(Materials of this body) to remaine
With *Donne* in heaven, where no promiſcuous pain

[1] As none but hee did, or could do? They know
(Such as were bleſt to heare him know) 'tis truth.—1633.
[2] *age* in the edition of 1633.

Leſſens

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Leſſens the joy we have, for, with *him*, all
Are ſatisfy'd with *joyes eſſentiall.*
Dwell on this joy my thoughts; oh, doe not call[1]
Griefe back, by thinking of his Funerall;
Forget hee lov'd mee; Waſte not my ſad yeares;
(Which haſt to *Davids* ſeventy,) fill'd with feares
And ſorrow for his death; Forget his parts,
Which finde a living grave in good mens hearts;
And, (for, my firſt is dayly payd for ſinne)
Forget to pay my ſecond ſigh for him:
Forget his powerfull preaching; and forget
I am his *Convert.* Oh my frailty! let
My fleſh be no more heard, it will obtrude
This lethargy: ſo ſhould my gratitude,
My flowes[2] of gratitude ſhould ſo be broke;
Which can no more be, than *Donnes* vertues ſpoke
By any but himſelfe; for which cauſe, I

[1] My thoughts, Dwell on this *Joy*, and do not call—1633.
[2] *vowes* in the edition of 1633.

Write

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WALTONIANA.

Write no *Encomium*, but this *Elegie*,[1]
Which, as a free-will-offring, I here give
Fame, and the world, and parting with it grieve
I want abilities, fit to ſet forth
A monument, great, as Donnes matchleſſe worth.

Iz. Wa.

[1] Write no *Encomium*, but an *Elegie*.
Here the poem cloſed in the edition of 1633.

LINES

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LINES ON A PORTRAIT OF DONNE IN HIS EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

1635.

[Engraved

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[Engraved under William Marſhall's Portrait of Donne, "Anno Dñi. 1591. Ætatis ſuæ 18," prefixed to the ſecond edition of Donne's Poems, 1635.]

On

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WALTONIANA.

On a Portrait of DONNE *taken in his eighteenth year.*

THIS was for youth, Strength, Mirth, and wit that Time
Moſt count their golden Age; but t'was not thine.
Thine was thy later yeares, ſo much refind
From youths Droſſe, Mirth & wit; as thy pure mind
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praiſe
Of thy Creator, in thoſe laſt, beſt Dayes.
Witnes this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins
With Love; but endes, with Sighes, & Teares for ſiñs.

Iz: WA:

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COMMENDATORY VERSES PREFIXED TO THE MERCHANTS MAPPE OF COMMERCE.

1638.

[The

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[The Merchants Mappe of Commerce: wherein the Universall Manner and Matter of Trade, is compendiously handled. By Lewes Roberts, Merchant. At London, Printed by R. O. for Ralph Mabb MDCXXXVIII. *fol.*

——— The Second Edition, Corrected and much Enlarged. London, MDCLXXI. *fol.*]

In

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WALTONIANA.

In praiſe of my friend the Author, and his Booke.

To the Reader.

IF thou would'ſt be a *States-man*, and ſurvay
Kingdomes for information; heres a way
Made plaine, and eaſie: fitter far for thee
Then great *Ortelius* his *Geographie*.

If thou would'ſt be a *Gentleman*, in more
Then title onely; this Map yeelds thee ſtore
Of Obſervations, fit for Ornament,
Or uſe, or to give curious eares content.

If

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WALTONIANA.

If thou would'ſt be a *Merchant*, buy this Booke :
For 'tis a prize worth gold ; and doe not looke
Daily for ſuch disburſements ; no, 'tis rare,
And ſhould be caſt up with thy richeſt ware.

READER, if thou be any, or all three ;
(For theſe may meet and make a harmonie)
Then prayſe this Author for his uſefull paines,
Whoſe aime is publike good, not private gaines.

IZ. WA.

PREFACE

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PREFACE TO QUARLES'S SHEPHERDS ORACLES.

1645.

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[The Shepheards Oracles: Delivered in Certain Eglogues. By Fra: Quarles. London, Printed by M. F. for John Marriot and Richard Marriot, and are to be ſold at their ſhop in S. Dunſtans Church-yard Fleetſtreet, under the Dyall. 1646.]

To

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WALTONIANA.

To the Reader.

READER,

THOUGH the Authour had ſome years before his lamented death, compoſ'd, review'd, and corrected theſe Eglogues; yet, he left no Epiſtle to the Reader, but onely a Title, and a blanke leafe for that purpoſe.

Whether he meant ſome Allegoricall expoſition of the Shepheards names, or their Eglogues, is doubtfull: but 'tis certain, that as they are, they appear a perfect pattern of the Authour; whoſe perſon, and minde, were both lovely, and his converſation ſuch as diſtill'd pleaſure, knowledge, and vertue, into his friends and acquaintance.

'Tis confeſt, theſe Eglogues are not ſo wholly divine as many of his publiſht Meditations, which ſpeak

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ſpeak *his affections to be ſet upon things that are above*, and yet even ſuch men have their intermitted howres, and (as their company gives occaſion) commixtures of heavenly and earthly thoughts.

You are therefore requeſted to fancy him caſt by fortune into the company of ſome yet unknown Shepheards: and you have a liberty to beleeve 'twas by this following accident.

" He in a Sommers morning (about that howre " when the great eye of Heaven first opens it ſelfe " to give light to us mortals) walking a gentle pace " towards a Brook (whoſe Spring-head was not far " diſtant from his peacefull habitation) fitted with " Angle, Lines, and Flyes: Flyes proper for that " ſeaſon (being the fruitfull Month of *May*;) in- " tending all diligence to beguile the timorous " Trout, (with which that watry element " abounded) obſerv'd a more then common con- " courſe of Shepheards, all bending their unwearied " ſteps towards a pleaſant Meadow within his pre- ſent

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" ſent proſpect, and had his eyes made more happy
" to behold the two fair Shepheardeſſes *Amaryllis*
" and *Aminta* ſtrewing the foot-paths with Lillies,
" and Ladyſmocks, ſo newly gathered by their
" fair hands, that they yet ſmelt more ſweet then
" the morning, and immediately met (attended
" with *Clora Clorinda*, and many other Wood-
" nymphs) the fair and vertuous *Parthenia:* who
" after a courteous ſalutation and inquiry of his
" intended Journey, told him the neighbour-Shep-
" heards of that part of Arcadia had dedicated that
" day to be kept holy to the honour of their great
" God *Pan;* and, that they had deſigned her Mis-
" treſſe of a Love-feaſt, which was to be kept that
" preſent day, in an Arbour built that morning, for
" that purpoſe; ſhe told him alſo, that *Orpheus*
" would bee there, and bring his Harp, *Pan* his
" Pipe, and *Titerus* his Oaten-reed, to make muſick
" at this feaſt; ſhee therefore perſwaded him, not to
" loſe, but change that dayes pleaſure; before he
could

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" could return an anſwer they were unawares en-
" tred into a living moving Lane, made of Shep-
" heards and Pilgrimes; who had that morning
" meaſured many miles to be eye-witneſſes of that
" days pleaſure; this Lane led them into a large
" Arbour, whoſe wals were made of the yeelding
" Willow, and ſmooth Beech boughs: and covered
" over with Sycamore leaves, and Honyſuccles."

I might now tell in what manner (after her firſt entrance into this Arbour) *Philoclea* (*Philoclea* the fair *Arcadian* Shepheardeſſe) crown'd her Temples with a Garland, with what flowers, and by whom 'twas made; I might tell what gueſts (beſides *Aſtrea* and *Adonis*) were at this feaſt; and who (beſide *Mercury*) waited at the Table, this I might tell: but may not, cannot expreſſe what muſick the Gods and Wood-nymphs made within; and the Linits, Larks, and Nightingales about this Arbour, during this holy day: which began in harmleſſe mirth, and (for *Bacchus* and his gang were

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were abſent) ended in love and peace, which *Pan* (for he onely can doe it) continue in *Arcadia, and reſtore to the diſturbed Iſland of* Britannia, *and grant that each honeſt Shepheard may again ſit under his own Vine and Fig-tree, and feed his own flock, and with love enjoy the fruits of peace, and be more thankfull.*

Reader, at this time and place, the Authour contracted a friendſhip with certain ſingle-hearted Shepheards: with whom (as he return'd from his River-recreations) he often reſted himſelfe, and whileſt in the calm evening their flocks fed about them, heard that diſcourſe, which (with the Shepheards names) is preſented in theſe Eglogues.

23 Novem. 1645.

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COUPLET ON DR. RICHARD SIBBES.

1650.

[Written

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[Written by Izaak Walton in his copy of Dr. Richard Sibbes's work, *The Returning Backſlider*, 4to., 1650, preſerved in the Cathedral Library, Saliſbury. See Sir Harris Nicolas' Memoir of Walton, clv.]

Of

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WALTONIANA.

OF this bleſt man let this juſt praiſe be given,
Heaven was in him, before he was in heaven.

IZAAK WALTON.

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DEDICATION OF RELIQUIÆ WOTTONIANÆ.

1651.

[Reliquiæ

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[Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, or, a Collection of Lives, Letters, Poems ; with Characters of Sundry Perſonages : and other Incomparable Pieces of Language and Art. By The curious Penſil of the Ever Memorable Sr. Henry Wotton, Kt., Late, Provoſt of Eton Colledg. London, Printed by Thomas Maxey, for R. Marriot, G. Bedel, and T. Garthwait. 1651.]

To

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WALTONIANA.

To the Right Honourable The Lady Mary Wotton Baronneſs, and to her Three Noble Daughters.

THE LADY { KATHERIN STANHOP. MARGARET TUFTON. ANN HALES.

SINCE Bookes ſeeme by cuſtome to Challenge a dedicatiõ, Juſtice would not allow, that what either was, or concern'd Sir Henry Wotton, ſhould be appropriated to any other Perſons; Not only for that nearneſſe of Aliance and Blood (by which you may chalenge a civil right to what was his;) but, by

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by a title of that intireneſſe of Affection, which was in you to each other, when Sir Henry Wotton had a being upon Earth.

And ſince yours was a Friendſhip made up of generous Principles, as I cannot doubt but theſe indeavours to preſerve his Memory wil be acceptable to all that lov'd him; ſo eſpecially to you: from whom I have had ſuch incouragements as hath imboldned me to this Dedication. Which you are moſt humbly intreated may be accepted from

Your very reall ſervant,

I. W.

On

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ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

1651.

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[Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, with other Poems, by Mr. William Cartwright, late Student of Chriſt-Church in Oxford, and Proctor of the Univerſity. London, Printed for Humphrey Moſeley, and are to be ſold at his Shop, at the ſign of the Prince's Arms in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1651.]

On

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WALTONIANA.

On the Death of my dear Friend Mr. William Cartwright, relating to the foregoing Elegies.

I CANNOT keep my purpoſe, but muſt give
Sorrow and Verſe their way; nor will I grieve
Longer in ſilence; no, that poor, poor part
Of natures legacy, Verſe void of Art,
And undiſſembled teares, CARTWRIGHT ſhall have
Fixt on his Hearſe; and wept into his grave.
Muſes I need you not; for, Grief and I
Can in your abſence weave an Elegy:
Which we will do; and often inter-weave
Sad Looks, and Sighs; the ground-work muſt receive
Such Characters, or be adjudg'd unfit
For my Friends ſhroud; others have ſhew'd their Wit, Learning,

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Learning, and Language fitly; for theſe be
Debts due to his great Merits: but for me,
My aymes are like my ſelf, humble and low,
Too mean to ſpeak his praiſe, too mean to ſhow
The World what it hath loſt in loſing thee,
Whoſe Words and Deeds were perfect Harmony.
But now 'tis loſt; loſt in the ſilent Grave,
Loſt to us Mortals, loſt, 'till we ſhall have
Admiſſion to that Kingdom, where He ſings
Harmonious Anthems to the King of Kings.
Sing on bleſt Soul! be as thou wast below,
A more than common inſtrument to ſhow
Thy Makers praiſe; ſing on, whilſt I lament
Thy loſs, and court a holy diſcontent,
With ſuch pure thoughts as thine, to dwell with me,
Then I may hope to live, and dye like thee,
To live belov'd, dye mourn'd, thus in my grave;
Bleſſings that Kings have wiſh'd, but cannot have.

Iz. Wa.

PREFACE

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PREFACE TO SIR JOHN SKEFFINGTON'S HEROE OF LORENZO.

1652.

The

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[The Heroe, of Lorenzo, or, The way to Eminencie and Perfection. A piece of ſerious Spaniſh wit Originally in that language written, and in Engliſh. By Sir John Skeffington, Kt. and Barronet. London, printed for John Martin and James Alleſtrye at the Bell in St Pauls Church-yard. 1652.]

Let

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WALTONIANA.

Let this be told the Reader,

THAT Sir *John Skeffington* (one of his late Majeſties ſervants, and a ſtranger to no language of *Chriſtendom*) did about 40 years now paſt, bring this *Hero* out of *Spain* into *England*.

There they two kept company together 'till about 12 months now paſt: and then, in a retyrement of that learned knights (by reaſon of a ſequeſtration for his maſters cauſe) a friend coming to viſit him, they fell accidentally into a diſcourſe of the *wit* and *galantry* of the *Spaniſh Nation*.

That diſcourſe occaſioned an example or two, to be brought out of this *Hero:* and, thoſe examples (with Sir *John's* choice language and illuſtration)

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tration) were ſo reliſht by his friend (a ſtranger to the *Spaniſh tongue*) that he became reſtles 'till he got a promiſe from Sir *John* to tranſlate the whole, which he did in a few weeks; and ſo long as that imployment laſted it proved an excellent diverſion from his many ſad thoughts; But he hath now chang'd that Condition, to be poſſeſt of that place into which ſadneſſe is not capable of entrance.

And his abſence from this world hath occaſion'd mee (who was one of thoſe few that he gave leave to know him, for he was a retyr'd man) to tell the Reader that I heard him ſay, he had not made the *Engliſh* ſo ſhort, or few words, as the originall; becauſe in that, the Author had expreſt himſelf ſo enigmatically, that though he indevour'd to tranſlate it plainly; yet, he thought it was not made comprehenſible enough for common Readers, therefore he declar'd to me, that he intended to make it ſo by a coment on the margent; which he had begun, but (be it ſpoke with ſorrow) he and thoſe

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thoſe thoughts are now buried in the ſilent Grave,[1] and my ſelf, with thoſe very many that lov'd him, left to lament that loſſe.

I. W.

[1] Compare the poem on the death of Cartwright, *ſupra*:—
" But now 'tis loſt; loſt in the ſilent grave," &c.

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COMMENDATORY VERSES TO THE AUTHOR OF SCINTILLULA ALTARIS.

1652.

[Scintillula

[Scintillula Altaris or, a Pious Reflection on Primitive Devotion: as to the Feasts and Fasts of the Christian Church, Orthodoxally Revived. By Edward Sparke, B.D. London; Printed by T. Maxey for Richard Marriot, and are to be sold at his Shop in S^t. Dunstan's Church-yard in Fleetstreet, 1652.

This book reached a Seventh Edition during Walton's lifetime; but his Commendatory Verses are only to be found in the first.]

To

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WALTONIANA.

To the Author upon the ſight of the firſt ſheet of his Book.

MY worthy friend, I am much pleaſ'd to know,
You have begun to pay the debt you owe
By promiſe, to ſo many pious friends,
In printing your choice Poems; it commends
Both them, and you, that they have been deſir'd
By perſons of ſuch Judgment; and admir'd
They muſt be moſt, by thoſe that beſt ſhal know
What praiſe to holy Poetry we owe.
So ſhall your Diſquiſitions too; for, there
Choice learning, and bleſt piety, appear.

All

All uſefull to poor Chriſtians : where they may
Learne Primitive Devotion. Each Saints day
Stands as a Land-mark in an erring age
to guide fraile mortals in their pilgrimage
To the Cœleſtiall *Can'an ;* and each Faſt,
Is both the ſouls direction, and repaſt :
All ſo expreſt, that I am glad to know
You have begun to pay the debt you owe.

Iz. Wa.

DEDICATION

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DEDICATION OF THE LIFE OF DONNE AND ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

1658.

[The

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[The Life of John Donne, Dr. in Divinity, and Late Dean of Saint Pauls Church London. The ſecond impreſſion corrected and enlarged. Ecclus. 48. 14. *He did wonders in his life, and at his death his works were marvelous.* London, Printed by J. G. for R. Marriot, and are to be ſold at his ſhop under S. Dunſtans Church in Fleet-ſtreet. 1658.]

To

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WALTONIANA.

To My Noble & honoured Friend Sir Robert Holt of Aſton, in the County of Warwick, Baronet.

SIR,

WHEN this relation of the life of Doctor Donne was firſt made publick, it had beſides the approbation of our late learned & eloquent King, a conjunction with the Authors moſt excellent Sermons to ſupport it; and thus it lay ſome time fortified againſt prejudice; and thoſe paſſions that are by buſie and malicious men too freely vented againſt the dead.

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And yet, now, after almoſt twenty yeares, when though the memory of Dr. Donne himſelf, muſt not, cannot die, ſo long as men ſpeak Engliſh; yet when I thought Time had made this relation of him ſo like my ſelf, as to become uſeleſs to the world, and content to be forgotten; I find that a retreat into a deſired privacy, will not be afforded; for the Printers will again expoſe it and me to publick exceptions; and without thoſe ſupports, which we firſt had and needed, and in an Age too, in which Truth & Innocence have not beene able to defend themſelves from worſe then ſevere cenſures.

This I foreſaw, and Nature teaching me ſelfe-preſervation, and my long experience of your abilities aſſuring me that in you it may in found :* to you, Sir, do I make mine addreſſes for an umbrage and protection: and I make it with ſo much humble boldneſſe, as to ſay 'twere degenerous in you not to afford it.

* *Sic:* probably a miſprint for "*be* found?"—Ed.

For,

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For, Sir,

Dr. Donne was ſo much a part of yourſelf, as to be incorporated into your Family, by ſo noble a friendſhip, that I may ſay there was a marriage of ſouls betwixt him and your* reverend Grandfather, who in his life was an Angel of our once glorious Church, and now no common Star in heaven.

* *John King, B. of Lond.*

And Dr. Donne's love died not with him, but was doubled upon his Heire, your beloved Uncle the Bishop of †Chicheſter, that lives in this froward generation, to be an ornament to his Calling. And this affection to him was by Dr. D. ſo teſtified in his life, that he then truſted him with the very ſecrets of his ſoul; & at his death, with what was deareſt to him, even his fame, eſtate, & children.

† *Hen: King, now B.C.*

And you have yet a further title to what was Dr. Donne's, by that dear affection & friendſhip that

that was betwixt him and your parents, by which he entailed a love upon yourſelf, even in your infancy, which was encreaſed by the early teſtimonies of your growing merits, and by them continued, till D. *Donne* put on immortality; and ſo this mortall was turned into a love that cannot die.

And Sir, 'twas pity he was loſt to you in your minority, before you had attained a judgement to put a true value upon the living beauties and elegancies of his converſation; and pitty too, that ſo much of them as were capable of ſuch an expreſſion, were not drawn by the penſil of a *Tytian* or a *Tentoret*, by a pen equall and more laſting then their art; for his life ought to be the example of more then that age in which he died. And yet this copy, though very much, indeed too much ſhort of the Originall, will preſent you with ſome features not unlike your dead friend, and with fewer blemiſhes and more ornaments than when 'twas firſt made publique: which creates a contentment

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tentment to my ſelfe, becauſe it is the more worthy of him, and becauſe I may with more civility intitle you to it.

And in this deſigne of doing ſo, I have not a thought of what is pretended in moſt Dedications, *a Commutation for Courteſies:* no indeed Sir, I put no ſuch value upon this trifle; for your owning it will rather increaſe my Obligations. But my deſire is, that into whoſe hands ſoever this ſhall fall, it may to them be a teſtimony of my gratitude to your ſelf and Family, who deſcended to ſuch a degree of humility as to admit me into their friendſhip in the dayes of my youth; and notwithſtanding my many infirmities, have continued me in it till I am become gray-headed; and as Time has added to my yeares, have ſtill increaſed and multiplied their favours.

This, Sir, is the intent of this Dedication: and having made the declaration of it thus publick, I ſhall conclude it with commending them and you to Gods deare love.

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I remain, Sir, what your many merits have made me to be,

The humbleſt of your Servants,

ISAAC WALTON.

To

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To the Reader.

MY deſire is to inform and aſſure you, that ſhall become my Reader, that in that part of this following diſcourſe, which is onely narration, I either ſpeak my own knowledge, or from the teſtimony of ſuch as dare do any thing, rather than ſpeak an untruth. And for that part of it which is my own obſervation or opinion, if I had a power I would not uſe it to force any mans aſſent, but leave him a liberty to diſbelieve what his own reaſon inclines him to.

Next, I am to inform you, that whereas Dr. Donne's life was formerly printed with his Sermons, and then had the ſame Preface or Introduction to it; I have not omitted it now, becauſe I have no ſuch confidence in what I have done, as to appear without an apology for my undertaking it.

I have ſaid all when I have wiſhed happineſſe to my Reader.

I. W.

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DAMAN AND DORUS.

An Humble Eglog.

29th may 1660.

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[Songs and other Poems. By Alex. Brome, Gent. London, Printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in Ivy-Lane, 1661.
The Second Edition corrected and enlarged, 1664.
The Third Edition enlarged. London, Printed for Henry Brome, at the Star in Little Brittain, 1668.]

To

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WALTONIANA.

To my ingenious Friend Mr. Brome, *on his various and excellent Poems: An humble Eglog. Written the* 29 *of May,* 1660.

DAMAN *and* DORUS.

DAMAN.

HAIL happy day! Dorus *ſit down:*
Now let no ſigh, nor let a frown
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.
The King! *the* King's *return'd! and now*
Let's baniſh all ſad thoughts and ſing
We have our Laws, and have our King.

DORUS.

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DORUS.

'Tis true, and I would ſing, but oh!
Theſe wars have ſunk my heart ſo low
'Twill not be raiſ'd.

DAMAN.

What not this day?
Why 'tis the twenty ninth of May:
Let Rebels *ſpirits ſink; let thoſe*
That like the Goths *and* Vandals *roſe*
To ruine families, and bring
Contempt upon our Church, *our* King,
And all that's dear to us, be ſad;
But be not thou, let us be glad.
And, *Dorus*, to invite thee, look,
Here's a Collection in this Book,
Of all thoſe chearful Songs, that we
Have ſung ſo oft and merilie[1]

[1] Have ſung with mirth and merry-gle:—1661.

As

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As we have march'd to fight the cauſe
Of *Gods Anointed*, and our *Laws*
Such Songs as make not the leaſt ods
Betwixt us *mortals* and the *Gods:*
Such Songs as *Virgins* need not fear
To ſing, or a grave *Matron* hear.
Here's *love* dreſt *neat*, and *chaſt*, and *gay*
As *gardens* in the month of *May;*
Here's harmony, and *Wit*, and *Art*,
To raiſe thy *thoughts*, and chear thy *heart*.

DORUS.

Written by whom?

DAMAN.

A friend of mine,
And one that's worthy to be thine:
A Civil *ſwain*, that knows his times
For buſineſs, and that done makes Rhymes;
But not till then: my Friend's a man
Lov'd by the Muſes; dear to *Pan:*

He

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He bleſt him with a chearful heart:
And they with this ſharp wit and Art,
Which he ſo tempers, as no *Swain*,
That's loyal, does or ſhould complain.

DORUS.

I wou'd fain ſee him:

DAMAN.

Go with me
Dorus, *to yonder broad* beech-tree,
There we ſhall meet him and Phillis,
Perrigot, *and* Amaryllis,
Tityrus, *and his dear* Clora,
Tom *and* Will, *and their* Paſtora:
There wee'l dance, ſhake hands and ſing,
We have our Laws,
God bleſs the King.

IZ. WALTON.

TO

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TO MY REVEREND FRIEND THE AUTHOR

OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

1661.

[The

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[The Synagogue, or The Shadow of the Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. In imitation of Mr. George Herbert. The fourth Edition corrected and enlarged. London, Printed for Philemon Stephens, at the guilded Lyon in St. Pauls Churchyard, 1661. p. 67.]

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WALTONIANA.

To my Reverend Friend the Author of the Synagogue.

SIR,

I LOV'D you for your Synagogue, before
I knew your perſon; but now love you
more;
Becauſe I find
It is ſo true a picture of your mind:
Which tunes your ſacred lyre
To that eternal quire;
Where holy *Herbert* ſits
(O ſhame to prophane wits)
And ſings his and your Anthems, to the praiſe
Of Him that is the firſt and laſt of daies.

Theſe holy Hymns had an Ethereal birth:
For they can raiſe ſad ſouls above the earth

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And fix them there
Free from the worlds anxieties and fear.
Herbert and you have pow'r
To do this: ev'ry hour
I read you kills a ſin,
Or lets a vertue in
To fight againſt it; and the Holy Ghoſt
Supports my frailties, leſt the day be loſt.

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
Neglect our arms,
W'are circumveſted with a world of harms.
But I will watch, and ward,
And ſtand upon my guard,
And ſtill conſult with you,
And *Herbert*, and renew
My vows, and ſay, Well fare his, and your heart,
The fountains of ſuch ſacred wit and art.

Iz. Wa.

EPITAPH

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EPITAPH ON HIS SECOND WIFE,

ANNE KEN.

1662.

[In

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[In Worceſter Cathedral. The event is thus recorded by Walton in his Family Prayer-Book : "Anne Walton dyed "the 17th of April, about one o'clock in that night, and was "buried in the Virgin Mary's Chapel, in the cathedral in "Worceſter, the 20th day."]

Ex

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WALTONIANA.

Ex Terris
M. S.
Here lyeth buried ſo much as
could dye of ANNE, the Wife of
Iſaak Walton;
who was
a Woman of Remarkable Prudence,
and of the Primitive Piety; her great
and general knowledge being adorned
with ſuch true humility, and bleſt
with ſo much Chriſtian meekneſs, as
made her worthy of a more memorable
Monument.
She dyed! (Alas, that ſhe is dead!)
the 17th of April, 1662, aged 52.
Study to be like her.

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LETTER TO EDWARD WARD.

1670.

[Preſerved

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[Preſerved among the MSS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. Firſt printed in "Notes and Queries," May 17, 1856.]

ffor

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ffor my worthy frend Mr. EDWARD WARD, *att Rodon Temple, nere vnto Leſter. Att* Mr. BABINGTONS *att Rodon Temple.*

Sr.,

I CAME well from Winton to London, about 3 weikes paſt: at that time I left Dor. Hawkins well: and my dafter (after a greate danger of child berth) not very well, but by a late letter from him, I heare they be boeth in good health.

The doctor did tell me a gowne and ſome bookes of yrs were in danger to be loſt, though he had made (at a diſtance) many inquiries after them, and intreated others to doe ſo too, but yet inefectually. He theirfore intreated me to undertake a ſearch: and I have donne it ſo ſuccesfuly that uppon thurſday the 24o inſtant they were đđ to that

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[illegible]

[illegible] the Rose in Smith-
[illegible] of Mr. George Her-
[illegible] in a paper and
[illegible] the booke not
[illegible] The bundell
[illegible] and I hope it
[illegible]

[illegible] heartie wishes
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] WALTON.

[illegible]

[illegible] direct your letter
[illegible] a grocer in King streite
[illegible] good due you with the
[illegible]

DEDICATION

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DEDICATION OF THE THIRD EDITION OF RELIQUIÆ WOTTONIANÆ.

1672.

[Reliquiæ

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[Reliquiæ Wottonianæ: or a Collection of Lives, Letters, Poems; with Characters of Sundry Perſonages: and other Incomparable Pieces of Language and Art. Alſo Additional Letters to ſeveral Perſons, not before Printed. By the Curious Pencil of the Ever Memorable Sir Henry Wotton, K^t, Late Provoſt of Eaton Colledge. The Third Edition, with large Additions. London: Printed by T. Roycroft, for R. Marriott, F. Tyton, T. Collins, and J. Ford, 1672.]

To

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WALTONIANA.

To the Right Honourable PHILIP *Earl of Cheſterfield, Lord Stanhop of Shelford.*

MY LORD,

I HAVE conceived many Reaſons, why I ought in Juſtice to Dedicate theſe Reliques of Your Great Uncle, Sir Henry Wotton, to Your Lordſhip; ſome of which are, that both Your Grand-mother and Mother had a double Right to them by a Dedication when firſt made Publick; as alſo, for their aſſiſting me then, and ſince, with many Material Informations for the Writing his Life; and for giving me many of the Letters that have fallen from his curious Pen: ſo that they being now dead, theſe Reliques deſcend to You, as Heir to

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to them, and the Inheritor of the memorable Bocton Palace, the Place of his Birth, where ſo many of the Ancient, and Prudent, and Valiant Family of the Wottons lie now Buried; whoſe remarkable Monuments You have lately Beautified, and to them added ſo many of ſo great Worth, as hath made it appear, that at the Erecting and Adorning them, You were above the thought of Charge, that they might, if poſſible, (for 'twas no eaſie undertaking) hold ſome proportion with the Merits of Your Anceſtors.

My Lord, Theſe are a part of many more Reaſons that have inclin'd me to this Dedication; and theſe, with the Example of a Liberty that is not given, but now too uſually taken by many Scriblers, to make trifling Dedications, might have begot a boldneſs in ſome Men of as mean as my mean Abilities to have undertaken this. But indeed, my Lord, though I was ambitious enough of undertaking it; yet, as Sir Henry Wotton hath ſaid

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ſaid in a Piece of his own Character, *That he was condemn'd by Nature to a baſhfulneſs in making Requeſts:* ſo I find myſelf (pardon the Parallel) ſo like him in this, that if I had not had more Reaſons then I have yet expreſt, theſe alone had not been powerful enough to have created a Confidence in me to have attempted it. Two of my unexpreſt Reaſons are, (*give me leave to tell them to Your Lordſhip and the World*) that Sir Henry Wotton, whoſe many Merits made him an Ornament even to Your Family, was yet ſo humble, as to acknowledge me to be his Friend; and died in a belief that I was ſo: ſince which time, I have made him the beſt return of my Gratitude for his Condeſcention, that I have been able to expreſs, or he capable of receiving: and, am pleaſed with my ſelf for ſo doing.

My other Reaſon of this boldneſs, is, an incouragement (*very like a command*) from Your worthy Couſin, and my Friend, *Mr. Charles Cotton*, who

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who hath assured me, that You are such a Lover of the Memory of Your Generous Unkle, Sir Henry Wotton, that if there were no other Reason then my endeavors to preserve it, yet, that that alone would secure this Dedication from being unacceptable.

I wish, that nor he, nor I be mistaken; and that I were able to make You a more Worthy Present.

My Lord, I am and will be
Your Humble and most
Affectionate Servant,
IZAAK WALTON.

Feb. 27, 1672.

LETTER

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LETTER TO MARRIOTT.

1673.

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[The original is preserved in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and was printed for the first time in Sir Harris Nicolas' Life of Walton (Pickering, 1837), lxxix. lxxx.]

M^r.

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WALTONIANA.

Mr. MARRIOTT,

I HAVE received Bentevolio, and in it Mr. Hers. life; I thank you for both. I have ſince I ſaw you received from Mr. Milington ſo much of Mr. Hales his life as Mr. Faringdon had writ; and have made many inquiries concerning him of many that knew him, namely of Mrs. Powny, of Windſor, (at whoſe houſe he died), and as I have heard, ſo have ſet them down, that my memory might not loſe them. Mr. Mountague did at my being in Windſor promiſe me to ſummon his memory, and ſet down what he knew of him. This I deſired him to do at his beſt leiſure, and write it down, and he that knew him and all his affairs beſt of any man is like to do it very

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very well, becauſe I think he will do it affectionately, ſo that if Mr. Fulman make his queries concerning that part of his life ſpent in Oxford, he will have many, and good, I mean true informations from Mr. Faringdon, till he came thither, and by me and my means ſince he came to Eton.

This I write that you may inform Mr. Fulman of it, and I pray let him know I will not yet give over my queries; and let him know that I hope to meet him and the Parliament in health and in London in October, and then and there deliver up my collections to him. In the mean time I wiſh him and you health; and pray let him know it either by your writing to him, or ſending him this of mine.

God keep us all in his favour,
his and your friend to ſerve you,
IZAAK WALTON.

Wincheſter, 24th Auguſt, 1673.

PREFACE

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PREFACE TO THEALMA AND CLEARCHUS.

1678.

[Thealma

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[Thealma and Clearchus, a Paſtoral Hiſtory, in ſmooth and eaſie Verſe. Written long ſince, By John Chalkhill, Eſq.; an Acquaintant and Friend of Edmund Spencer. London: Printed for Benj. Tooke, at the Ship in S. Paul's Church-yard, 1683.]

The

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WALTONIANA.

The Preface.

THE Reader will find in this Book, what the Title declares, A Paſtoral Hiſtory, in ſmooth and eaſie Verſe; and will in it find many Hopes and Fears finely painted, and feelingly expreſſ'd. And he will find the firſt ſo often diſappointed, when fullest of deſire and expectation; and the later, ſo often, ſo ſtrangely, and ſo unexpectedly reliev'd, by an unforeſeen Providence, as may beget in him wonder and amazement.

And the Reader will here alſo meet with Paſſions heightned by eaſie and fit deſcriptions of Joy and Sorrow; and find alſo ſuch various events and rewards of innocent Truth and undiſſembled Honeſty

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Honeſty, as is like to leave in him (if he be a good natur'd Reader) more ſympathizing and virtuous Impreſſions, than ten times ſo much time ſpent in impertinent, critical, and needleſs Diſputes about Religion: and I heartily wiſh it may do ſo.

And, I have alſo this truth to ſay of the Author, that he was in his time a man generally known, and as well belov'd; for he was humble, and obliging in his behaviour, a Gentleman, a Scholar, very innocent and prudent: and indeed his whole life was uſeful, quiet, and virtuous. God ſend the Story may meet with, or make all Readers like him.

I. W.*

May 7, 1678.

* The Poem of Thealma and Clearchus was left in an unfiniſhed ſtate: it terminates abruptly with the half line

"Thealma lives"——

Upon which Walton adds

And here the Author dy'd, and I hope the Reader will be ſorry.

LETTER

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LETTER TO JOHN AUBREY.

1680.

[The

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[The original is among Aubrey's MSS. in the Aſhmolean Muſeum : annexed to it is the following note by Aubrey: " This account I received from M^r. Iſaac Walton (who wrote " D^r. Donne's Life, &c. Decemb. 2, 1680, he being then " eighty-ſeven years of age. This is his own hand-writing, " I.A." *See Walton's Lives, With Notes and the Life of the Author by Thomas Zouch, third edition. York*, 1817. Vol. II. pp. 353-356.]

" *ffor*

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WALTONIANA.

"*ffor y^r ffriends q^ue this.*

I ONLY knew Ben Jonſon: But my Lord of Winton knew him very well; and ſays, he was in the 6°., that is, the uppermoſt fforme in Weſtminſter ſcole, at which time his father dyed, and his mother married a brickelayer, who made him (much againſt his will) help him in his trade; but in a ſhort time, his ſcolemaiſter, M^r. Camden, got him a better imployment, which was to atend or acompany a ſon of Sir Walter Rauley's in his travills. Within a ſhort time after their return, they parted (I think not in cole bloud) and with a love ſutable to what they had in their travilles (not to be commended). And then Ben began to ſet up for himſelf

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ſelf in the trade by which he got his ſubſiſtance and fame, of which I need not give any account. He got in time to have a 100£ a yeare from the king, alſo a penſion from the cittie, and the like from many of the nobilitie and ſome of the gentry, wch was well pay'd, for love or fere of his railing in verſe, or proſe, or boeth. My lord told me, he told him he was (in his long retyrement and ſicknes, when he ſaw him, which was often) much afflickted, that hee had profained the ſcripture in his playes, and lamented it with horror: yet that, at that time of his long retyrement, his penſion (ſo much as came in) was giuen to a woman that gouern'd him (with whome he liu'd and dyed near the Abie in Weſtminſter); and that nether he nor ſhe tooke too much care for next weike: and wood be ſure not to want wine: of wch he uſually tooke too much before he went to bed, if not oftener and ſoner. My lord tells me, he knowes not, but thinks he was born in Weſtminſter. The queſtion

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queſtion may be put to Mr. Wood very eaſily upon what grounds he is poſitive as to his being born their; he is a friendly man, and will reſolve it. So much for braue Ben. You will not think the reſt ſo tedyous as I doe this.

ffor yr 2 and 3 que of Mr. Hill, and Bilingſley, I do neither know nor can learn any thing worth teling you.

for yr two remaining que of Mr. Warner, and Mr. Harriott this:

Mr. Warner did long and conſtantly lodg nere the water-ſtares, or market, in Woolſtable. Woolſtable is a place not far from Charing-Croſſe, and nerer to Northumberland-houſe. My lord of Wincheſter tells me, he knew him, and that he ſayde, he firſt found out the cerculation of the blood, and diſcover'd it to Dr. Haruie (who ſaid that 'twas he (himſelfe) that found it) for which he is ſo memorally famoſe. Warner had a penſion of 40*l.* a yeare from that Earle of Northumberland

that

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that lay so long a prisner in the Towre, and som allowance from Sir Tho. Aylesbury, and with whom he usually spent his sumer in Windsor Park, and was welcom, for he was harmles and quet. His winter was spent at the Woolstable, where he dyed in the time of the parlement of 1640, of which or whome, he was no louer.

Mr. Herriott, my lord tells me, he knew also: That he was a more gentile man than Warner. That he had 120£ a yeare pension from the said Earle (who was a louer of their studyes), and his lodgings in Syon-house, where he thinks, or believes, he dyed.

This is all I know or can learne for your friend; which I wish may be worth the time and trouble of reading it.

I. W.

Nour. 22, 80.

IZAAK

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IZAAK WALTON'S WILL.

1683.

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WALTONIANA.

Auguſt the 9°, 1683.

IN the name of God Amen. I Izaak Walton the elder of Wincheſter being this preſent day in the neintyeth yeare of my age and in perfect memory for wich prayſed be God : but Conſidering how ſodainly I may be deprived of boeth doe therfore make this my laſt will and teſtament as followeth. And firſt I doe [declare] my beleife to be that their is only one God who hath made the whole world and me and all mankinde to whome I ſhall give an acount of all my actions which are not to be juſtified, but I hope pardoned for the merits of my ſaviour Jeſus.—And becauſe [the

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profeſſion of] Criſtianity does at this time, ſeime to be ſubdevided into papiſt and proteſtant, I take it to be at leaſt convenient to declare my beleife to be in all poynts of faith, as the Church of England now profeſſeth. And this I doe the rather, becauſe of a very long and very trew friendſhip with ſome of the Roman Church.

And for my worldly eſtate, (which I have nether got by falſhood or flattery or the extreme crewelty of the law of this nation,) I doe hereby give and bequeth it as followeth.—Firſt I give my ſon-in-law Doc^{r}. Hawkins and to his Wife, to them I give all my tytell and right of or in a part of a howſe and ſhop in Pater-noſter-rowe in London: which I hold by leaſe from the Lord Biſhop of London for about 50 years to come. and I doe alſo give to them all my right and tytell of or to a howſe in Chanſery-lane, London; where in M^{rs}. Greinwood now dwelleth, in which is now about 16 years to come. I give theſe two leaſes to them, they

they ſaving my executor from all damage concerning the ſame. (And I doe alſo give to my ſaide dafter all my books this day at Wincheſter and Droxford: and what ever ells I can call mine their, except a trunk of linen wch I give my ſon Izaak Walton. but if he doe not marry, or uſe the ſaide linen himſelfe, then I give the ſame to my granddoughter Anne Hawkins).

And I give to my ſon Izaak, all my right and tytell to a leaſe of Norington farme, which I hold from the lord B^p^. of Winton.

And I doe alſo give him all my right and tytell to a farme or land near to Stafford: which I bought of M^r^. Walter Noell: I ſay, I give it to him and [his] heares for ever. but upon the condition following. Namely—If my ſone ſhall not marry before he ſhall be of the age of forty and one yeare; or being marryed ſhall dye before the ſaide age and leve noe ſon to inherit the ſaide farme or land: or if his ſon [or ſonns] ſhall not live to

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ataine the age of twentie and one yeare, to diſpoſe otherwayes of it, then I give the ſaide farme or land to the towne or corperation of Stafford (in which I was borne,) for the good and benifit of ſome of the ſaide towne, as I ſhall direct and as followeth. but firſt note, that it is at this preſant time rented for 21^{li} 10^{s} a yeare (and is like to hold the ſaid rent, if care be taken to keipe the barne and howſing in repaire) and I wood have and doe give ten pownd of the ſaide rent, to binde out yearely two boyes, the ſons of honeſt and pore parents to be apprentices to ſom tradeſmen or handy-craftmen, to the intent the ſaide boyes [may] the better afterward get their owne living.—And I doe alſo give five pownd yearly, out of the ſaid rent to be given to ſome meade-ſervant, that hath atain'd the age of twenty and [one] yeare (not les), and dwelt long in one ſervis, or to ſom honeſt pore man's daughter, that hath atain'd to that age, to [be] paide her, at or on the day of her marriage.

And

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And this being done, my will is, that what rent ſhall remaine of the ſaide farme or land, ſhall be diſpoſed of as followeth.

Firſt I doe give twenty ſhillings yearely, to be ſpent by the maior of Stafford and thoſe that ſhall colect the ſaid rent: and diſpoſe of it as I have and ſhall hereafter direct. And that what mony or rent ſhall remaine undiſpoſed offe ſhall be imployed to buie coles for ſome pore people, that ſhall moſt neide them in the ſaid towne; the ſaide coles to be delivered the laſt weike in Janewary, or in every firſt weike in Febrewary: I ſay then, becauſe I take that time to be the hardeſt and moſt pinching times with pore people. And God reward thoſe that ſhall doe this with out partialitie and with honeſtie and a good contience.

And if the ſaide maior and others of the ſaide towne of Stafford, ſhall prove ſo necligent or diſhoneſt as not to imploy the rent by me given as intended and expreſt in this my will, (which God

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forbid,) then I give the ſaide rents and profits, of the ſaide farme or land, to the towne and chiefe mageſtrats or governers of Ecles-hall, to be diſpoſed by them in ſuch maner as I have ordered the diſpoſall of it, by the towne of Stafford. the ſaid Farme or land being nere the towne of Ecles-hall.

And I give to my ſon-in-law Doctor Hawkins, (whome I love as my owne ſon) and to my dafter his wife, and my ſon Izaak to each of them a ring with theſe words or motto;—love my memory, I. W. obiet = to the Lord B^{p} of Winton a ring with this motto—a mite for a million: I. W. obiet =" And to the freinds hearafter named I give to each of them a ring with this motto A friends farewell. I. W. obiet" = and my will is, the ſaid rings be delivered within fortie dayes of my deth. and that the price or valew of all the ſaide rings ſhall be—1 3^{s} 4^{d} a peice.

I give to Doctor Hawkins Docto^{r} Donns Sermons; which I have hear'd preacht, and read with much

much content. to my ſon Izaak I give Doc^{r} Sibbs his *Soules Conflict*, and to my doughter his *Brewſed Reide*; deſiring them to reade them ſo, as to be well aquanted with them. and I alſo give to her all my bookes at Wincheſter and Droxford, and what ever in thoſe two places are or I can call mine: except a trunk of linen, which I gave to my ſon Izaak, but if he doe not live to make uſe of it, then I give the ſame to my grand-dafter, Anne Hawkins: And I give my dafter Doc^{r} Halls Works which be now at Farnham.

To my ſon Izaak I give all my books, (not yet given) at Farnham Caſtell and a deſke of prints and pickters; alſo a cabinet nere my beds head, in wch are ſom littell things that he will valew, tho of noe greate worth.

And my will and deſyre is, that he will be kind to his Ante Beacham and his ant Roſe Ken: by alowing the firſt about fiftie ſhilling a yeare in or for bacon and cheiſe (not more), and paying 4^{li} a yeare

yeare toward the bordin of her ſon's dyut to Mr. John Whitehead. for his ante Ken, I deſyre him to be kinde to her according to her neceſſitie and his owne abillitie. and I comend one of her children to breide up (as I have ſaide I intend to doe) if he ſhall be able to doe it. as I know he will; for, they be good folke.

I give to Mr. John Darbiſhire the Sermons of Mr. Antony Faringdon, or of dor Sanderſon, which my executor thinks fit. to my ſervant, Thomas Edghill I give five pownd in mony, and all my clothes linen and wollen except one ſute of clothes, (which I give to Mr. Holinſhed, and forty ſhiling) if the ſaide Thomas be my ſervant at my deth, if not my cloths only.

And I give my old friend Mr. Richard Marriot ten pownd in mony, to be paid him within . 3 . months after my deth. and I deſyre my ſon to ſhew kindenes to him if he ſhall neide, and my ſon can ſpare it.

And

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And I doe hereby will and declare my ſon Izaak to be my ſole executo^{r} of this my laſt will and teſtament; and Do^{r} Hawkins, to ſee that he performs it, which I doubt not but he will.

I deſyre my buriall may be nere the place of my deth; and free from any oſtentation or charg, but privately: this I make to be my laſt will, (to which I only add the codicell for rings,) this 16. day of Auguſt, 1683.

Witnes to this will. IZAAK WALTON.

The rings I give are as on the other ſide.

To my brother Jon Ken.
to my ſiſter his wife.
to my brother Doc^{r} Ken.
to my ſiſter Pye.
to M^{r}. Francis Morley.
to Sr George Vernon.
to his wife.
to his 3 dafters.
to M^{rs}. Nelſon.
to my brother Beacham.
to my ſiſter his wife.
to the lady Anne How.
to M^{rs}. King Do^{r} Philips wife.
to M^{r}. Valantine Harecourt.
to M^{rs}. Elyza Johnſon.
to M^{rs}. Mary Rogers.
to M^{rs}. Elyza Milward.
to M^{rs}. Doro. Wallop.

to

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to Mr. Rich. Walton.
to Mr. Palmer.
to Mr. Taylor.
to Mr. Tho. Garrard.
to the Lord Bp. of Sarum.
to Mr. Rede his Servant.
to my Coz. Dorothy Kenrick.
to my Coz. Lewin.
to Mr. Walter Higgs.
to Mr. Cha Cotton.
to Mr. Rich. Marryot.
to Mr. Will. Milward of Chriſt-Church, Oxford.
to Mr. John Darbeſhire.
to Mr. Veudvill.
to Mrs. Rock.
to Mr. Peter White.
to Mr. John Lloyde.
to my Coz Greinſells
— widow
16 Mrs. Dalbin muſt not be forgotten.

—

22

Note that ſeveral lines are blotted out of this will for they are twice repeted: And, that this will is now ſigned & ſealed, this twenty and fourth day of October 1683 in the preſence of us—

IZAAK WALTON

Witnes, Abra. Markland.
Jos : Taylor,
Thomas Crawley.

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CHANCERY LANE.

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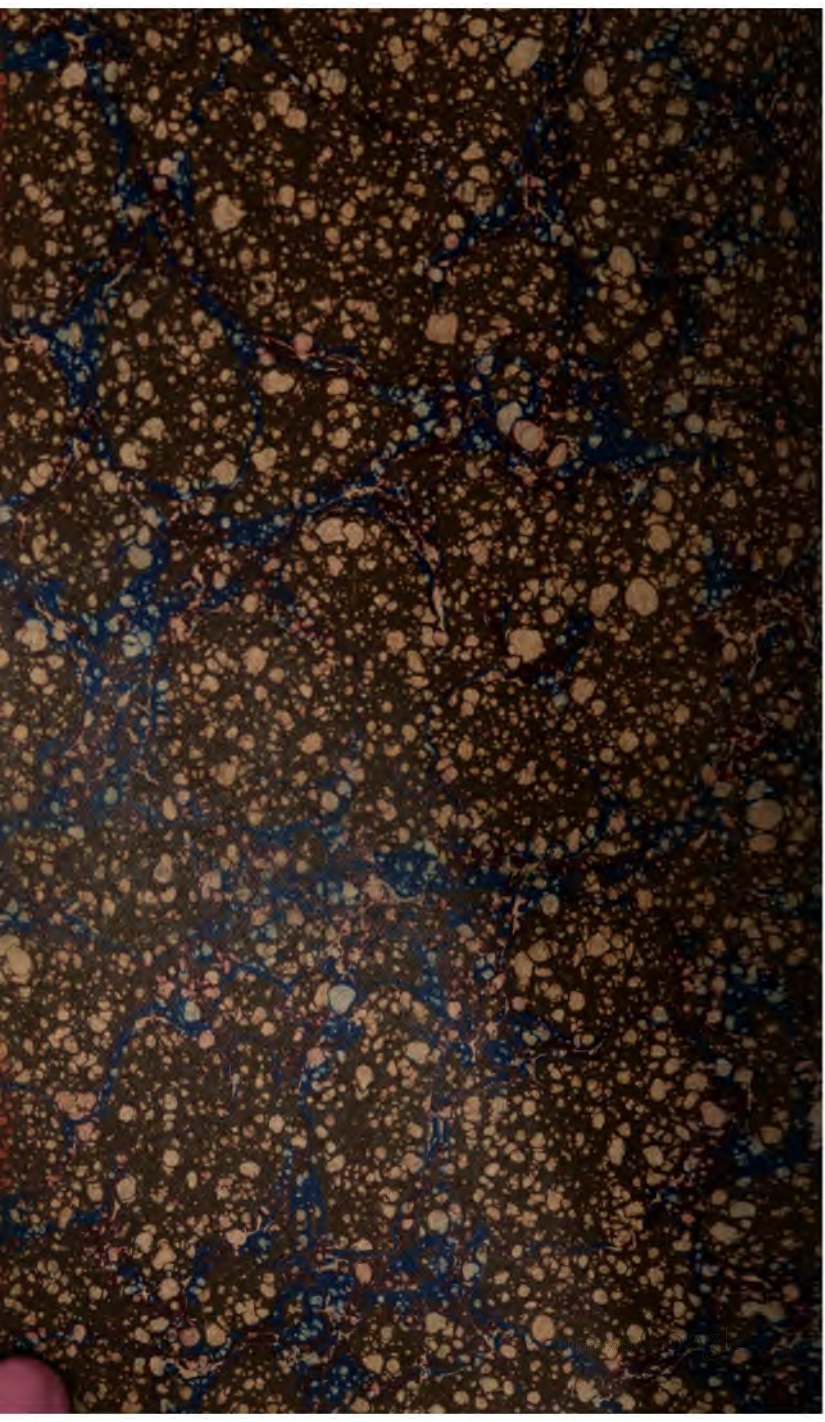

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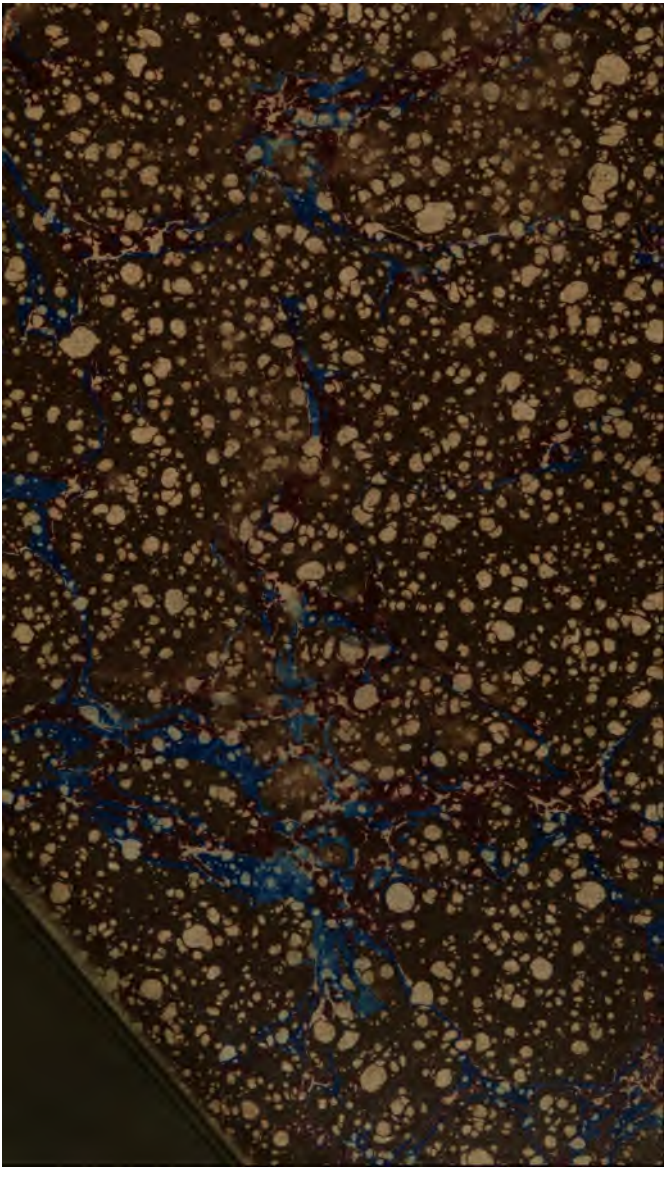

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